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Tangled Up With Miriam

BY SEWELL FORD.

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Say, if I hadn't been havin' a dopy streak I'd a known somethin' was about due. There hadn't a thing happened to me for more'n a week, when Pinckney blows into the studio, just asual like, as if he'd only come in cause he found the door open. That should have put me leery; but it didn't. I gives him the hail and tells him he's lookin' like a pink just off the ice.

"Shorty," says he, "how are you on charity?"

"I'm a cinch," says I. "Every panhandler that's north of Madison square knows he can work me for a beer check any time he can run me down." Then you'll be glad to execise your talents in aid of a worthy cause," says

'It don't follow," says I. "The deservin' poor I passes up. There's too much done for 'em as it is. It's the unworthy kind that wins my coin. They enjoys it more, and has a harder time

"Your logic is good, Shorty," says he, "and I think I agree with your sentiments. But this is a case where charity is only an excuse. The ladies out at Rockywold are getting up an affair for the benefit of something or other, no one seems to know just what, and they've put you down for a little bag punching and club swinging."

"Then wire 'em to scratch the entry," says I. "I don't make any orchestra circle plays that I can dodge, and when it comes to fightin' the leather before a bunch of peacock millinery renigs every time. I'll put on Swifty Joe as a sub, if you've got to have some

Pinckney shook his head at that. 'No." says he, "I'll tell Sadie she must leave you off the program." "Hold on," says I. "Was it Sadle billed me for this stunt?"

He said it was. "Then I'm on the job." says I. "Oh, you can grin your ears off; I don't

Well, that was what fetched me out to Rockywold on a Friday night, when I had a right to be watchin' the amateur try-outs at the Marlborough club instead. The show wasn't until Saturday evenin', but Pinckney sald I ought to be there for the dress rehearsal.

'There's only about a dozen guests there now; so you needn't get skittish,"

And a dozen don't go far towards fillin' up a place like Rockywold. Say, if had the price, I'd like a shack where could take care of more or less comp'ny without settin' up cot beds, but I'll be blistered if I can see the fun in runnin' a free hotel like that.

These amateur shows are apt to be pretty punk; but I could see that, barrin' myself, there was a fair aggregation of talent on hand. The star was a googoo-eyed girl who did a barefoot specialty, recitin' pomes to m things to the piano, a funeral-faced duck that could tell funny stories, and bunch of six or eight likely-lookin' ladies and gents who'd laid themselves out to prance through what they called a minuet. Lastly there was me an'

Miriam. She was one of these limp, shinglechested girls, Miriam was. She didn't ve much to say, so I didn't take any articular notice of her. But at the rehearsal I got next to the fact that she could tease music out of a violin in great style. It was all right if you shut your eyes, for Miriam wasn't what you'd call a pastel. She was built a good deal on the lines of an L-road pillar, but that didn't bar her from wearin' one of these short-sleeved. square-necked, girly-girly dresses that didn't leave you much in doubt as to

her framework. Yes, Miriam could have stood a few well-placed pads. She'd lived long enough to have found that out, too, but they was missin'. I should guess that Miriam had begun exhibitin' her collar bones to society about the time poor old John L. fought the battle of New Yet when she snuggled the butt end of that violin down under her chin and squinted at you across the of her. bridge, she had all the motions of a igh-school girl.

Course, I didn't dope all this out to myself at the time; for, as I was sayin', I didn't size her up special. But it all came to me afterwards-yes, yes!

The excitement broke loose along about the middle of the first night. I'd turned in about an hour before, and was poundin' my ear like a circus hand on a Sunday lay-over, when I hears the trouble cry. First off I wasn't goin' to do any more than turn over and get a German Invents Simple Way to Harfresh hold on the mattress, for I ain't much on routin' out for fires unless I feel the headboard gettin' hot. But then I wakes up enough to remember that Rockywold is a long ways outside the metropolitan fire district, and I begins to throw clothes onto myeself.

lookin' for a chance to win a Carnegie up to "effrontery," "highway robbery" medal. There wasn't any show at all. and "criminal monopoly." These terms, though. The fire, what there was of it, was in the kitchen, in the basement of he may easily discover, are applied to the wing where the help stays. Haif a that perennial theme of ribald song dozen stablemen had put it out with and revolutionary speech, the iceman.

got twisted up in the shrubbery, and the torrents so coolly, so frigidly, that right to withdraw them at will. instead of goin' back the way I came, they will probably freeze up before long shoved up and a female in white floats the hard names by which he is called, out on a little stone balcony. She and he knows it, too. So long as he re-

Some smoke and steam was still comin' from the far side of the buildin',

"I wouldn't," says I. "They've gone home with the life net."



"Hello, Shorty!" says he. "What have you there?"

there didn't seem to be any boxes or and hoist you back through the winbarrels lyin' around looose, so I gats dow, miss," says I. stands for flower pots. I lugs that over onto me like I was too good a thing to and sets it up under the window.

"Now, if you'll just slide down onto "I'll fall, I'll fall!"

out me paws. weight, or that pot-holder wouldn't she hadn't slacked her clinch. have stood the strain. It creaked some

hit the grass.

scared to let go. But it was up to me of pleased. for the rest of the night holdin' a have you there?"

hold of something that was the very | She wasn't ready to do any conversticket. It was one of these wooden in then, though. She was just holdin her fingers from the back of my neck?"

let slip. that easy," says I, "your life is saved." got to make a front entrance." says I; She looks at it once, and begins to "but I hope the audience 'll be slim," "It's too pretty a picture to spoil," guess you'd have thought it was the durin' the racin' season. Chappies were flop her arms and take on again. "I and with that I starts to finish the says he. "So touching! Reminds me real thing," says I. "But there's a lit-| double doors.

to the rescue, after all. "Coming up!" that kind, and it seemed like the lows? says I, and hops on the thing, holdin' blamed house was as big around as a out me paws.

City block. Once or twice we butted reachin' out with one hand and gettin' objections to playin' a public joke look. I stowed-myself away-in a corner of she didn't need any more coaxin'. She linto the bushes, and another time I a grip on the collar of his silk jacket. part. Now, will you do it?" scrabbled over that balcony rail and near tumbled the two of us into the "Now get busy, or off comes your kigot a shoulder clutch on me that you pool of a fountain; but after awhile I mono couldn't have loosened with a crow- struck the front porch, some out of bar. I gathered in the rest of her with breath, and with a few wisps of black my left hand and steadied myself with hair in my eyes, but still in the game. about a minute she gives a little jump. "It was a queer kind of a faint, if sides, there was more or less in the low."

I was hopin' to slide in quiet, without as we went down, but it held together. bein' spotted by anyone, for most of the "Street floor, all out!" says I, as I women had gone back to bed, and I could hear the men down in the billiard But that didn't even get a wiggle out room clickin' glasses over an extra dream soother. Luck was against me, for a Morris chair, did you?" "It's all over," says I. "You're res- though. Right under the newelpost light stood Pinckney, wearin' a silk She lets loose a holler that near splits sched, and maybe a little more. whether she'd fainted, or was too and what I was luggin' he looks kind spat, grabs her what-d'ye-call-it up any.

up and takin' a close look. "Miriam!" awake? "Thanks," says I. "We ain't been introduced yet. Do you mind unhookin' But all he did was to stand there with his mouth corners workin' and "Well, it looks to me as though we'd them black eyes of his winkin' like a me like an attempt at kidnaping."

pair of arc lights.

"You'll bring up nothin'," says I,

the other. Lucky she wasn't a heavy- The lady hadn't made a murmur, and like she'd just heard the breakfast bell, that's what it was," says I to myself, bunch that I knew first-rate. But I too. "Why!" says she. "Where am I?"

> utes ago." says I. Then she shudders all over and from Broadway.' squeals: "Oh! A man! A man!"

Miriam didn't linger for any more.

me, I chases around after something she could come down on. The moon wasn't shinin' very bright, though, and wasn't shinin' very bright. she can hug like that in her sleep, what brought up among bow-legged English front door. "By Jove!" says Pinckney, steppin' could she do when she was wide butiers and a lot of Swedish maids, but

"Shorty," says Pinckney, with his to break their necks for her whenever face as solemn as a preacher, "I'm she says the word. pained and astonished at this."

"Me too," says I.

in' to do it, but he gave his word like a was feelin' lonesome or anything like apt to go off our nut sometimes. With that he quits kiddin' and goes little man, and I makes tracks upstairs, that. I likes to see any kind of fun.

"I'll bet I fights shy of anything more don't care about pushin' to the front "Right where you landed five min- of the kind that I sees comin' my way. until I gets the call.

away from her ankles with both hands, look at-Sadie, for instance. Course, leather and spread out the mat. to do something. I couldn't stand there "Hello, Shorty!" says he. "What and sprints down the hall as if she was Pinckney was bossin' the show, but she Pinckney was doin' the announcin',

All the forenoon more folks kept comin' on every train, and there was two "Don't jest," says he. "This looks to rows of them big deep-breathin' tourin' cars in the stables. By dinnertime "If' you'd had that grip on you I Rockywold looked like a Saratoga hotel "It's too pretty a picture to spoil," guess you'd have thought it was the durin' the racin' season. Chappies were

never can do it, I know I can't!" says lap around the house and make for the of Andromeda and What's-his-name. the tip I want to pass on to you: Don't bags around, and keepin' the ivories Just keep that pose a minute, will you, go spreadin' this josh business around rollin', while the front walks and Well, it was a case of Shorty McCabe | I've carried weight before, but never until I bring up the rest of the fei- the lot, or your show'll be minus a star porches might have been Fifth ave. on act. I'll stand for all the private kid- a Monday afternoon, from the dry din' you can hand out, but I've got my goods that was bein' sported there.

He was mighty disappointed at hav- but I was takin' it all in. Not that I

I was figurin' on makin' a late train tryin' to forget. But we swapped that But a little thing like that don't in- down to Primrose Park after I'd done kind of slush for near half an hour, "Sure," says I, "you didn't take me terfere with my sleepin' when slumber's my little turn. I didn't care much and when the show broke up and the on the card, and I proceeds to tear off about seein' the show, so I stuck to the crowd began to swarm towards the what was due me on the eight-hour dressin' room until they sends word sched, and maybe a little more. dressin' room until they sends word buffet lunch, we was sittin' out on the porch in the moonlight, still at it. Talk about your cling-stones! She pajama coat outside of a pair of black my ear open, slides down so fast that I didn't get a sight of Miriam all day was it. Never a move. I couldn't tell broadcloth trousers. When he sees me her bare tootsies hit the floor with a long. Not that I was strainin' my eyes the forenoon, and there wasn't any-There was somethin' better to thing left to be done but hook on the of spoons in the park. Maybe we was; I couldn't swear different.

me out was somethin' fierce. I reckon I was blushin' some when I went on, and maybe that's what called out such a hand. I just took one squint at the mob and felt a chill down my spine. Say, it's one thing to step up before a gang of sports in a hall, and another to prance out in ring clothes on a platform in front of two or three hundred real ladies and gents wearin' their evenin' togs.

There I was, though, and the crowd doin' the hurrah act for all it was worth. When I gets the bag goin' I feels better, and whatever grouch I has against Pinckney for not lettin' me wear my gym suit I puts into shortarm punches on the pigskin. The stunt seemed to take. I could tell that by the buzz that came over the footlights. No matter what you're doin', whether it's makin' campaign speeches or stoppin' comer in six rounds, it's always a help to know that you've got the crowd with you.

By the time I'd got well warmed up, and was throwin' in all the itourishes that's been invented-double ducks, side-step and swing, shoulder work, and so on-I felt real chipper. I makes a grandstand finish and then has the nerve to face the audience and do a matinee bend. As I did that I gets my lamps fixed on some one in the front

Say, if you've ever done much on the platform you know how sometimes you'll get a squint at a pair of eyes down front and can't get yourself away from 'em after that. Well, that was the way with me then. There was rows and rows of faces that all looked alike; but this one phiz seemed to stand right out, and to save me all I could do was to stare back from the

It belonged to Miriam. She had her chin tucked down, and her head canted to one side, and her mouth puckered into the mushiest kind of a grin you ever saw. Her eyes were rolled up reaf kittenish, too. Oh, it was a combination to make a man strike his grandmother, that look she was sendin' up to me. I wanted to dodge it and pick up another, but there was no more gettin' away from it than as if I was bein' followed by a searchlight. Worst of it was, I could feel myself grinnin' back at her just as mushy. I was gettin' sillier every breath, and \$ might have got as far as blowin' kisses at her if I hadn't pulled myself together and begun to juggle the Indian clubs, for the second half of my act.

All the ginger had faded out of me, though, and I cut the rest of it mighty short. As I comes off Sadie grabs me and begins to tell me what a hit I'd made, and how hickled she was, but I shakes her off pretty quick.

"What's your great rush, Shorty?" "I've got a date to fill down the road," says I, and I makes a quick break for the dressin' room. I was gettin' rattled for fear if Mirlam should get another look at me she'd accompanyin' herself with a kind of parlor hoochee-coochee that would have drawn capacity houses at Coney. Then there was a pretty how who could do the second of the Flatiron buildin'. Bein' as how and it didn't seem to be just the right the racket in the ballroom, and Sadie there was a pretty how who could do to bring a step-ladder with the rest come to her sooner. I feel as if I'd found a lot to do to it. She's a hum-was just about to make a sudden exit was just about to make a sudden exit when I bumps into some one at the

> "Oh, Mr. McCabe! How did you she's learned the trick of gettin' 'em know where to find me?" says she. Say, I'll give you one guess. Sure, it was Miriam again. She was got up expensive, all real lace and first-water sparks, and just as handsome as a towel rack. But the minute she turns on that gushy look I'm nailed to the spot, same as the rabbits they feed to the

boa constrictors up at the zoo. "You didn't think you could lose me so easy, did you?" says I. "What a persistent fellow you are!"

"But after you behaved so heroically last night I suppose I must forgive you. Wasn't it silly of me to be so frightened? "Oh, well," says I, "the best of us is

"How sweet of you to put it that way!" says she, and then she uncorks "You did carry me nicely,

That was a sample. I wouldn't go on and give you the whole book of the This is what I gets for strayin' so far So everything runs along smooth, and opera for money. It's something I'm

All I know is that after awhile I was bossin' him, and anyone else that and the jolly he gives me before he lugs looks up and sees Sadie standin' there pipin' us off, with her nose in the air and the heat-lightnin' kind of glimmerin' in them blue eyes of hers. The spell was broke quicker'n when the curtain Good Doctor Knew Perfectly Well goes down and the ushers open the lobby doors. Course, Sadie's nothin' more'n an old friend of mine, and I'm no more to her; but you see it hadn't Miss Geraldine Farrar honored with been so long ago that I'd been tellin' her presence a luncheon of debutantes her what a sweat I was in to get away. She never said a word, only just sticks her chin up and laughs, and then goes

and a waist like a clothes hamper. 'Miriam!" says she, and there was

wire nails and broken glass in the way she said it-"Miriam, I think it was high time you retired!'

"Bully for you, old girl!" I sings out. 'And, say, I'll give you a dollar if you'll lock her in until I can get away." Perhaps that was a lowdown thing to say, but I couldn't help lettin' it come. I didn't wait for any more remarks from either of 'em, but I grabs my hat and makes a dash across lots. never stopped runnin' until I fetched Then, my dear, he said, firmly, the train pulled out that I breahed real the station, and it wasn't until after

Bein' safe here in the studio, with Swifty on guard, I might grin at the whole thing if it wasn't for that laugh of Sadie's. That cut in deep. Two or

A cabin'd fit right in a grassy chink,
And in the doorway I'd see her sweet in getting so chummy with Miriam un-She'd allus wear that green dress, trim-med with lace, der the very nose of that old watchdog aunt of hers. Why, I know of fellows

"Back up!" says I. "She's a freak." "But Miriam's worth three or four "I don't care if she owns a bond factory," says I. "I'm no bone connois-

But every time I mention it to her, She says that she don't like to fish a seur, nor I don't make a specialty of bit. he balcony.

It wa'n't more'n six feet to the turf, large and twenty feet high large and twenty feet h It wa'n't more'n six feet to the turf, anyway, and it wouldn't have been any killin' matter if she had jumped, less'n k

New Zealand Savings Banks

vest Crop Nightly. (New York Tribune.)

SOLVES ICE PROBLEM.

A chance listener in the vicinity of kitchen doors these days will hear, in the course of any forenoon, all shades Irside of two minutes I was outdoors of invective from "the horrid thing" waves her arms and began to call for frains from irritating the public with open contumely no great competitor "You're late," says I. "It's all over." will break into his field and force him business, with 298,746 accounts, cover-interest at the maximum rate for any to sell ice at a reasonable figure. And ing a total deposit of \$48,766,326, an amount they may desire to deposit. from small rivals he has nothing to

and it was blowin' in through another lake and river rights from them or scribed in scientific journals, the Ger- to employ a gang of ice cutters, horses to serve their respective neighborhoods "Help, help!" she squeals. "Help, bethey begin cutting into his business than a two-story scaffolding, at the top has product by wagon or by moving of cakes. And wouldn't it be interestseriously. So, at least, the situation of which a common garden hose sprinplatform to storage. His ice is made ing to watch a corporation worry Mantims alike. The ice monopoly, however throws a spray over the structure. "The smoke, the smoke!" says she, unreal in a technical sense, seems fore- As the water falls upon the numerous ural ice. And his own back yard is, end of the island? Wouldn't it be a

Consul General W. A. Prickitt, writ- average of a little over \$166.50 to each | The 540 savings bank postoffices averng from Auckland on the operations of account, and representing a sum equal age a depositary for every 1,646 persons. the government postal savings banks to \$56 a head for the entire population and of that number 548 have a savings in New York. She told the debutantes n New Zealand, calls attention to their of the colony.

wide use by the people, as follows: the garden hose, and were finishin' the job by soakin' one of the cooks, when fresh torrents of wrath upon his head ernment system of postal savings until the first of the month succeeding. r.umbers of \$4,600,000,000. But there may be drawn to she said. To show you the security with absolute security. The gov- subsequent days do not draw interest counts, covering a deposit, in round until the first of the month succeeding. r.umbers of \$4,600,000,000. But there may be drawn to she with absolute security. by boosting the wholesale price of ice banks enables investors to deposit Accounts may be drawn upon at any were in the United States in 1906 only down by her side and said: I watched 'em for a while, and then with a certainty that retail prices will small sums in the postoffice, upon time, but interest is allowed on the 1,319 savings banks, with 8,027,192 acstarted back to my room. Somehow I follow; and, as usual, he is receiving which they draw interest, with the sum withdrawn only up to the first day counts, and total deposits of \$3,482,187,-

Deposits may be made of 1 shilling of accounts per head of population Work, she said, would preserve them Next minute there shows up in front One of the greatest aids to the finan- (24 1-3 cents) upward, but interest is nearly one in three. If these propor-

cial power of France, with its annual reckoned only on complete pounds tions were applied to the United States, from degeneration into such a type as of us a fat old lady with three chins investing surplus of \$350,000,000 to (\$4.86). Interest is allowed from month with a population of, say, 82,300,000, Mrs. Rose of Melrose. \$500,000,000, is the facility with which to month, commencing with the first there would be in that country 50,000 "Mrs. Rose's type is too familiar," its people can invest their small sav- day. Deposits made on the second and postal depositaries, with 27,400,000 ac- she said. "To show you the sort she is: ings with absolute security. The gov- subsequent days do not draw interest counts, covering a deposit, in round of the month of withdrawal. The inter- 198. This is an average of \$433.80 to New Zealand is a young country, but est due to each depositor is calculated each account, indicating that the sav-I gets around on the other corner. Just and give him an extra ice crop. It it has adopted this system, with the to Dec. 31 of each each, and is then ings banks are being used by people of about then a ground-floor window is doesn't pay the iceman to get hot over most gratifying success. Postal sav- added to the principal. The rate of in- comparatively large means, and that "Overworked!" ings banks, were established by the colonial government in 1867. On Dec. 31, 1906, there were 540 postoffices open above \$3,000 no interest is paid Charitions do not find convenient depositafor the transaction of savings bank table institutions, however, may draw ries. Of these 298,746 accounts in New 'you'll have to give it a rest. I have easy.

fear, because he can either wrest their competitor of the ice monopoly. As de- ponds to freeze thick. He does not have the suburbs beyond might undertake crush them by underselling, as soon as man's contrivance is nothing more and ice saws. He does not have to haul with high-grade icicles at half the price has appeared, to the iceman and vic- kler, connected with a water main, of pure drinking water, not in the du- hattan ice depots by putting up a truly bious fluid which gets into much nat- big scaffolding and shed on the upper "Oh. I must jump!"

"Well, if you've got the jumpin' fit," says I, "jump ahead; but if you can hold yourself in a minute, I'll bring a for cutting.

"As the water lans upon the numerous ural ice. And his own back yard is, end of the island? Wouldn't it be a cross-beams on a cold winter day when measured by its own productivity, as big as a good-sized river.

It is interesting to reflect that \$1,000 them in cellars and sold them to their which the ice trust buster easily breaks or thereabouts would set a small tenants at a neat profit and yet below. But it is darkest before the dawn. A off and lugs into his near-by icehouse, iciclist up in business, and that a va- monopoly prices? But, of course, all Then hurry, please hurry!" says she, German has discovered an avenue of In Wurtemburg, where the first icicle cant lot, some rough lumber, a rubber this is mere fantasy. The icicle factory and starts to climb up on the edge of escape from the iceman. Like many machine has been in successful opera- hose and an ordinary American winter is so exceedingly simple and obvious

TYPE THAT IS FAMILIAR. What Ailed the Lady. (Washington Star.)

bank account, making the proportion that there was happiness in work.

"Mr. Rose came home from business. "'What did the doctor say, dear?"

"'He asked me to put out my tongue,' murmured Mrs. Rose, "'And he looked at it and said,

"Mr. Rose heaved a long sigh of re-

perfect confidence in that doctor." LOVE SONNETS OF A COWBOY.

(Denver Republican.) got a spot all picked out fer our place, Down by the canyon, where the big elk drink; A cabin'd fit right in a grassy divide. "Shorty." says he. "you're a wonder.

And we could set there on the stream-let's brink who's waited years for that chance. "Back up!" says I. "She's a frea And ketch our fish fer supper, quick's While night come, as the poet sez, apace. millions," says he.